



A JOURNEY BY WAGON
FROM OHIO
TO
WISCONSIN TERRITORY
1846

California
Regional
Library

A JOURNAL

KEPT BY

MISS SARAH FOOTE

(Mrs. Sarah Foote Smith)

WHILE JOURNEYING WITH HER PEOPLE

FROM

WELLINGTON, OHIO,

TO

FOOTEVILLE,

Town of Nepeuskun, Winnebago County,
WISCONSIN,

April 15 to May 10, 1846.

Introduction.



To the reader of highly seasoned modern fiction the following plain narrative may seem to have no excuse for publication. But appreciation will not be wanting from those few still living, who were members of that family of movers nor from their numerous prosperous families of children and grandchildren.

To the educated and thoughtful person, though unacquainted with the author, there is always a charm about a bit of real history.

Sarah Foote is one of the six children of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Foote of strict New England Puritan stock. Mr. Foote was a cousin of United States Senator Solomon Foote, of New Hampshire.

This Foote family had been pioneers in Ohio and were going farther west to the territory of Wisconsin.

Sarah was a country school girl in her teens. She had learned in the district school in Ohio, to read, write, cipher, and to parse and spell. She was known as a good speller by schools surrounding her district, which fame had been won in rival spelling-contests.

Considering the fact that this Puritan maiden wrote this journal without a thought of its being seen by others, and that it was seen by no other eye until fifteen years afterwards, we get a vivid idea of the every day practical discipline of the youthful life of sixty years ago.

Considering also the fact that this bit of writing was done mostly at night, after the day's journey, and that the precious manuscript made of folded sheets of the old blue writing paper, is perfect in spelling and grammatical expression and remarkably direct and definite in language, we may well hesitate before claiming immeasurable superiority for the modern schools.

With the exception of a few changes in capital letters this publication is a verbatim copy of the original which is now in possession of her son.

CHESTER W. SMITH.

Kilbourn, Wis., April, 1905.

Author's Preface.



This is a record of our journey in the spring of 1846. The names of places and the prices of things are all correct. As to the rest, I asked but few questions, being rather unwilling that such an undertaking should be known, writing at night what I could remember of our observations through the day.

Fifteen years have passed since this journey and how many changes have taken place! But no other eye hath seen nor hath ear heard what is here written. I think I will show it twenty years from now when it may be interesting to those who shared the events. My visit back again to the old home, to the old school house and to the dream land of youth has never been even anticipated, I might say, probably never will be.

MRS. S. F. SMITH.

Poysippi, Washara Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1861.

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Foreword to Second Edition.



Sarah Foote, the young school girl who kept this brief diary, was of the ninth generation of American pioneers. Many of her forefathers and foremothers (builders of roads, of communities, of towns, of states) had taken parts of considerable importance, in the establishing and development of English colonial life in the new world of America.

Her father, Elisha Percival Foote (born in Lee, in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts), early left his father's dwelling (a house still admirable and sound, still occupied by Footes) and went out west, to Ogden, Monroe County, New York, where relatives had settled in the early part of the century. About 1826 (he was then twenty-three and had a wife and child), Percival moved on farther west, to the fertile and lovely upper corner of Ohio, called The Western Reserve. It was there, in Wellington, in 1829, that Sarah was born.

With all the books now on the shelves of our greater public libraries, with memories of the narratives of certain pioneers of long ago, it is not hard to re-imagine the beauty of the country those adventurous pilgrims sought and found, as (unresting and ever sanguine) they pushed on from border to border, from state to territory.

Although so many days away from Massachusetts (and all that Massachusetts had come to mean to America, in the way of education, of the larger commercial opportunities and the daily amenities of life), we are easily persuaded that, in the 1830's and 1840's, Northern Ohio was a sylvan paradise.

At the time Percival Foote acquired his farm of one hundred acres, all the ridges left by the ancient recedings of Lake Erie were heavily timbered. The forests of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kentucky differed from all other primeval forests. The variety of tree life was an astonishment and the forests, in which no white man's camp had been marked by refuse and destruction, were as clean as Eden and merited Audubon's enthusiastic exclamation, "O, the beautiful, the darling forests of Ohio!"

There were tree giants in those days, giants of hickory, oak, walnut, beech, locust, poplar, sycamore, horse chestnut, white ash, sugar maple. To clear those one hundred acres was hard work but it seems no one was afraid of hard work then. The cleared land proved very fertile and O, so satisfyingly free from the small stones and the granite boulders of the fields back in New England!

On her way to country school (where she learned to spell, and correctly, from Webster's blue spelling-book), Sarah doubtless picked

the same sorts of wildflowers that her mother had picked in western New York and that her grandmother had picked in western Massachusetts. But the varieties were in greater profusion in the Ohio woods and clearings.

Millions of passenger pigeons sometimes darkened the Ohio sky, like a rain cloud, their weight breaking branches from large trees, when they rested. Wild turkeys were still common and there was an occasional wolf or bear, for the children to romance and wonder about. A housewife in that section was awakened one night, by an unfamiliar sound in the kitchen, but gave no alarm. In the morning, it was found that a mother opossum and all her young had come in at the cat-hole; and, looking about for food, they had overturned a large stone jar of peach preserves. They had eaten all the preserves and, when discovered, were very industriously licking the jar quite clean. The pioneer of that household (Mr. Lucien Leavenworth Peet) put the mother opossum and all her children into a bushel basket and walked a mile with them through the clearing to the woods, their woods.

Wild fruits and nuts were luscious and abundant and, to be sure, the watching and the gathering of the wild strawberries, the wild raspberries (white ones, red ones, black ones!), the wild plums and frost grapes, the hickory nuts and beechnuts and walnuts and butter-nuts early developed in pioneer children the wood lore and wood craft and love of Nature that are so manifest in many of their children's children.

But, at the age of forty-three, Sarah's father again heard the unconquered West a-calling. Land agents eloquently were representing Wisconsin Territory as the one true paradise, the delectable land long sought, flowing with milk and honey. Wisconsin, beautiful with forests, rivers, lakes, was indeed the newer empire and there choice farming land could be had for \$1.25 an acre.

So, in 1846, Percival Foote sold out in Ohio and, with all the equipment of an experienced, a wise and far-seeing pioneer, he and his family moved on and established a new home.

By water, he shipped a great chest containing the tools needed by a blacksmith, a carpenter, a cooper, a tanner, a shoemaker, a dentist. Also, he sent on necessary household equipment, such as may be seen today only in museums. There was a large spinning wheel, for the spinning of wool; a little spinning wheel, for the spinning of flax; a reel, to take the yarn from the wheel; and swifts to wind it into balls from the skeins.

Also, there was a great loom for the weaving of cloth, accompanied by a quill wheel, upon which to wind bobbins for the loom. No mention is made of the huge soap kettle nor of garden seeds nor a favorite rose bush, but undoubtedly they went along.

All went well in Wisconsin Territory and the family grew and prospered in that far land, in that pre-machinery day, when families were home-fed and tranquilly independent of outside markets. The Foote Neighborhood that developed with the years was a unique

example of the old American patriarchy, a community of brethren living together in accord and prosperity.

Sarah Foote's eldest daughter (now living in California, America's last frontier) has very appreciative memories of that Foote Neighborhood, in which she grew up. She says the old Foote house (a big, white, Colonial one) still stands and looks quite as attractive and as young as its neighbors. There was a building on her Grandfather's place called The Shop, where the great tool chest was kept and where useful things were made, made well and often beautifully. She remembers homemade rolling-pins, butter paddles, cradles, a little red chest, a big red chest, and even a pair of shears. (Many of the toys and wooden utensils for kitchen use, such as we now import from Germany, were then made by self-taught pioneers, from the hard woods of their own timber lots. Some of them, still prized as heirlooms, are admirable examples of craftsmanship, of design.)

She fondly remembers the district schoolhouse, where she learned to spell correctly, in pre-phonetic days. It was a long, cold mile to the schoolhouse but all along the way were the homes of nice uncles and aunts and cousins. In winter, her Uncle Jonathan Foote used to send out a fine team and a very big sleigh, to take all the children to school. In that pre-harvester age, all the men of The Foote Neighborhood helped one another with their farm work and the women helped one another in the periodic, greater tasks of their households. During the four seasons, there were of course numerous happy gatherings of the family and everyone went; not one child ever was left at home. The Foote Neighborhood was one great family, genial, capable, hospitable—with a feeling of strength and unity, of pride and respect.

The history of any old-time American family or household is well worth writing or reading; but the printed chronicles are still too few, as, year by year, the old letters and diaries disappear, by accident or by intent.

The complexities of life in a modernized, a Europeanized America have made a memory of many worthy and well loved customs of the old home life; but it is with a quietly deepening affection that the hearts of the old-time pioneers still turn to dear, little, old Mother New England. And, assuredly, after the lands of their ancestors have been acquired by uncomprehending people of other races and other ideas, it is by men and women of Pilgrim-Puritan lineage (whose characters have been developing under the discipline of pioneer hardships, of small town life) that the glory of old New England is to be emphasized and preserved.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

“It is by men and women of Puritan lineage, developed by religious tolerance and universal education, that the institutions and the glory of New England are to be preserved, after the homes of their ancestors have been occupied by people of other races and other ideas.”

From “Quabbin,”
by
Francis H. Underwood.

April 14, 1846.

Tuesday evening and 'tis to be the last night for us here in our old home in Ohio, for all of our things are packed and all but what we most need were sent on by water to Milwaukee. The rest of the things nearly fill a large wagon.

Father, mother, Mary, Sarah, Orlena, Alvin and Lucy are to ride in the family buggy.

Tonight we girls are to stay with our schoolmates, Elvira and Samantha Bradley. Their brother Charlie is going with us to Wisconsin Territory to drive one of the teams.

I have prepared this little book and am going to try and keep a journal, but I must go now for I expect to meet a few friends. I feel very sorry to part with them all, but I anticipate a great deal from our journey and think I shall enjoy a visit back again in three or four years very much.

Apr. 15, 1846. Wednesday morning and pleasant. Many of our friends and neighbors gathered to see us off and after the usual exchanges of good wishes, goodbyes and sad farewells we were on our way at 10 o'clock. As we passed the old school house it was the saddest of all leave-takings though a silent one.—

But we were soon away from home scenes and with many new objects gaining our attention our minds turned from sad thoughts to new and pleasanter ones. We passed through the center of Brighton the first town west of our home, now a small village. It has a large white church. We next drove through Clarksfield Hollow, with its fine water privileges and a lively business place. Norwalk came next with its level straight streets, beautiful shade trees and a very pretty village. Here we saw a young buffalo that a man was showing. I suppose the animal came from somewhere in the great west. We had good roads and pleasant country the rest of the day. At night we stopped at the town of Richland at a private house where we provided our own beds and meals.

Here we are the first night 24 miles from Wellington, in a room by ourselves with a stove. We think it is very nice for all of us.

Thur. April 16th. This morning we got an early start. Father paid our host 75c for house and stable room.

We found good roads excepting three miles which were very sandy near Bellevue village.

We reached Hamer's Corners at noon and stopped to feed the horses and take lunch. Here we found that one of the wagon tires needed setting and as there was a blacksmith shop handy Father got it done, while there we sat waiting for two hours. The setting of the tire cost 75c. We finally got started but now found very bad roads; being rough with deep ruts.

After going two or three miles Father noticed something wrong with our buggy and after examining it, he said we must all get out as the reach was broken. So we called to Alvin to bring the axe, and while we girls and mother walked on, they fixed the buggy good and

strong with some sticks they cut and a rope from the wagon. So this was not a serious breakdown this time. We soon came to Lower Sandusky river which we crossed on a fine bridge.

Then we came to the macadamized road where we had to pay 81c toll.

After going a mile we came to a tavern for the night, having traveled 31 miles. Well, after all the hindrances of the day its simple history is scribbled down.

April 17. Our tavern bill was one dollar. Now we found a good road, a high turnpike paved with broken stone but we had to pay 81c toll.

We passed through Perrysburgh and Maumee City and crossed the river by bridge which cost sixty-six and one half cents toll. We found bad roads the rest of the way. At night we stopped at a tavern called The Pennsylvania House, which was a tolerable place.

Sat. Apr. 18. We paid 75 cts. for our fare and all of us felt rather down, for we had had poor water to drink for a day or two, so different from what we were used to. Soon after starting today we came to two roads both leading to the same place, the right hand road leading through Cottonwood swamp and the left lead through a worse road so some had told us. Others declared the left hand road was better. Finally after a great deal of inquiry we took the right hand road.

We reached Michigan state line at noon, and stopped to rest and lunch. In three miles farther on we came to the great swamp and of all the roads this was the worst. The mud was deep and stiff except places where logs were laid across and this made it very rough.

We all walked most of the time, for it was so hard for the horses we had to stop and rest them very often.

It was only five miles but we were nearly all the afternoon getting through. They are commencing a turnpike through them and I hope it will be finished when we go back. After getting two miles out of the swamp we found better roads.

We put up for over Sunday at a new tavern and found it quite thickly settled about here. We traveled 20 miles today and feel tired and quite like resting. We find better water here and all are feeling better than in the morning.

Sun. Eve. April 19. We have enjoyed ourselves very well today. We found first rate folks and we are resting. Father has gone to meeting this evening.

Mon. April 20th. We are all well this morning and in good spirits. Our tavern bill was 10 shillings. We got started at 6 o'clock and found the roads very stony and rutty. A little past noon we passed Devils Lake. Great name that is!

One of our wagon wheels now was about given out. It had turned inside out already, yet we were in hopes to reach Chicago Turnpike before it gave up. But about 5 o'clock it smashed down flat and there we were in the roads, and the only building in sight was an old school house. So here we concluded to stay over night while Father went on with the broken wheel and buggy to find a wagon maker. We found

an old stone fire place in the school house and here we cooked our supper and ate it, using the high benches for tables and the low benches for seats. Our horses had to stay out doors all night tied to trees. We have only gone 20 miles today.

Tues. April 21. We slept uncommonly well for we were in nobody's way. We had for breakfast pork, potatoes, tea and sugar, and bread. After eating and washing the dishes, while Mother was placing things in order, we girls rambled about the place to find amusement, and all waiting for Father to return. We found plenty of sassafras growing and dug some roots for tea.

About 10 o'clock Father came back. He had gone on 9 miles the night before to find a wagon shop where he left the broken wheel and then came back a mile to a public house to stay over night. His bill for himself and team was one dollar. In the morning he borrowed a wagon wheel and came back to us and we were soon on our way to the village where we got our wheel fixed. We had to wait over an hour for Father to get the wheel which cost 18 shillings for being mended.

We finally got started in the afternoon and soon found better roads and country. We now began to see large fields of wheat growing and beautiful oak openings. These latter looked like large orchards to us. The trees are smaller with spreading branches, so different from the heavy timber we have been used to seeing. We bo't two bushels of oats for 50cts. We are now stopping for the night at a Temperance house which we have not usually found. This is also a very good place.

Wednesday morning April 22. Today we went through Jonesville which is quite a large place. Here we bought two loaves of bread and had to pay 25cts, also a trace chain for 50cts, and enquired the way to Coldwater. On our way we saw more fine looking wheat fields, 60 and 70 acres they said, in one field! We bought a bushel of wheat for 25cts. At noon we tried our loaf of bread but found it was good for nothing. It looked nice but it was so sour we could not relish it at all. At Coldwater we bought two bushels of oats for 44cts.

Eight miles farther on brought us to Garey's tavern which made 33 miles we have traveled today. While the others are working I am writing or trying to write about the day's travel. We have a room by ourselves tonight and all find some work to do in fixing up things for the journey.

Thurs. 23rd. We got an early start and the first village we came through was Brunson where we bought sixpence worth of potatoes and enquired for Sturges Prairie. When we arrived there we found it a very pretty village. Here we saw some few orchards in which were some very large apple trees. It now began to rain some but we went on twelve miles farther and put up at a public house in White Pigeon. It is a poor place for us but as it rains hard we are obliged to stay.

Fri. Apr. 24. Our bill was \$1, and we got started at six o'clock. It is pleasant this morning. For the first time since our start we overtook a family of movers going our way and they wanted us to join

company, but they could not keep up with us so we soon left them behind. We came through three villages and did not ask their names. We bought a bushel of oats for 25 cents, and some crackers and bread for 32 cents. It was good bread too this time and we ate it with relish.

The next village was Adamsville and then came Edwards Prairie. Here for the first time we were out of sight of trees. It is a handsome village, so level and with smooth roads. We got two bushels of oats here for 40 cents and enquired the way to Bertrand where we arrived at 7 p. m. We staid over night at the M. Hargins house.

Sat. Apr. 25. This morning Charley Bradley came across an old acquaintance. This is a very good tavern, and we bought some more crackers. Today about as usual, a little after noon we came to a fork in the road. Some said take one direction and some the other, just as they were interested I suppose. The left hand road went through Laporte, Indiana and the right through Michigan City. Finally after a great deal of disputing on both sides we thought best to take the right hand road. We passed through Hamilton's Prairie and Springville, a small village where we stopped for the Sabbath.

Sun. Apr. 26th. Here I am writing up stairs. There is no meeting and folks seem to be just amusing themselves, and in various ways. The place takes its name from a fine spring that is by the roadside. It seems to be an endless supply of water. In the house here they are supplied with water by pipes, conducting it into several rooms and also to the barns. We got some papers and have sent back two or three to our friends in Wellington.

Mon. Apr. 27. We find ourselves well rested and ready to go on. We found this tavern a good place. We had oats of the landlord and our bill was two dollars. We went about 8 miles and came to Michigan City. It is a great place for a city! As we entered we noticed a large and elegant dwelling house, but it was desolate and unoccupied. Going on a few rods we came to an old liquor still, in good progress. There seemed to be houses enough for a city yet very few good ones. Sand is everywhere. Some of the houses seemed to be nearly buried up in sand.

Soon after leaving this place we came to very thick heavy timber where we found some wintergreen berries which were all new to us. We picked a good many by the road as we traveled. We finally came to a tavern that was built under a very large pine tree, and we stopped here to eat our dinner. After resting an hour we went on and found the roads very sandy.

We also found plenty of wintergreen berries and we had plenty of time to pick them too, for the sand was so deep that the horses could not go out of a walk.

At about 4 o'clock we came to another fork in the road and as usual we took the right hand road. But of all the dismal places we had ever seen this was the worst. A thick forest was on one side of the road and on the other were great sand banks nearly as high as the trees. And to crown all the (I thought) dismal roar of Lake Michigan could be heard in the distance beyond these sand hills. The roads were so bad we had to put part of the load from the wagon on

to our buggy. Soon after we had done this we met a man who told us we would soon come to a road turning off from this road. But of all the crooks and turns this certainly beat all. The sand banks grew higher and the distant though unseen roar of the lake grew louder.

We thought that if we were only on top of the highest bank we might see the great lake, a sight we had long wished for. So while the horses were resting Mary, Orlena, Alvin and Charles took a notion to climb the hills for a view. Mary and Orlena climbed the first hill but no lake was to be seen, only higher hills beyond met their gaze, so they turned back. But Alvin and Charles kept on yet they got only a far distant and faint view of the lake after all.

After the lake searchers came back we started on through the sand. We had been told at the last house we passed, that it was nine miles to the next tavern and we thought we could easily get through. But soon after this we were overtaken by a man in a buggy and he seemed to know all about the roads. He said it was only three miles to the next public house, and said we had such a heavy load we'd better let some of us ride with him, but we thought not! So off he went and we kept on and on. It grew dark and still no house was in sight. We were sure we had gone the three miles and more, so Father left us to rest or go slowly and went on alone to find a house, but he finally came back without finding any thing but the same sand hills, and so we concluded to camp out, for it was past 7 o'clock. We made a fire and found some water which we boiled in our iron teakettle. For supper we had some bread, butter, tea and sugar. After supper we fixed a bed in the wagon for the boys and one in the buggy for the rest of us, all but Father. He rested in the forward part of the buggy and did not sleep much.

Thurs. Apr. 28. We woke early and found ourselves in the sandy woods and tolerably rested considering our beds. As soon as it was daylight we were all up. While we were getting ready to start a number of cows came around us and Father milked a little in a cup for Lucy. We did not stop to eat breakfast, but started off at once and after going two miles we came to a good tavern where we bought a good breakfast and were ready to go on again between 7 and 8 a. m.

It began soon to rain and rained most of the forenoon but the afternoon was pleasant and we put up for the night at Spees and Rays. They tell us here that we shall see Chicago tomorrow. This is a good place here and our bill is only 75 cts. Today for the first time we had a fine view of Lake Michigan. We rode within three feet of the water. It was a grand sight for us. We were about three miles from the city and it began to rain and the wind blew up real cold. As we could see but little of the city we did not stop. We were greatly disappointed, yet as there was no other way we had to put up with it. We were however soon out of reach of the city. Now we came upon the awfulest of roads, muddy deep ruts and no chance to avoid them. It was jerk and jolt, this way and that. We were glad enough when we came to a tavern called the Oplain Higgins tavern. We have been 26 miles today.

Thurs. Apr. 30th. This is a very pleasant place and as it rained

we did not start out till 10 o'clock. We soon found ourselves on an extensive prairie out of sight of timber. We saw no trees of any account for about seven miles and we came to Elk Grove. Beyond this again was a beautiful rolling prairie. At noon we stopped near several bluffs or mounds, some of them being about twenty feet high and all were covered with small stones or pebbles of many shapes and all colors. I wonder how they came there? Some body said perhaps they were once covered with water! But who knows?

Friday May 1. It rained this morning but we got an early start. On enquiring for Crystal Lake we learned it was eleven miles there. We expected to find mother's uncle Stephen Bradley at this place and intended to spend Sunday with his family. After crossing Cornishe's ferry we came to a fork in the road and being told that the left hand road went past Uncle Stephen's and the right one by the village we took the left hand road. Soon after the turn into this road the wagon which went ahead was fast stuck in a mud hole. Father and the boys got some rails from the fence and after prying up the wheels the horses made out to pull the wagon out. We went on to the place where uncle had lived and found that the whole family, uncle, a son and daughter, had lately moved to the village which was four miles farther around. We found them about noon and they were usually well and very glad to see us.

May 2, Sat. Today we spent recruiting up, washing, baking etc. This is quite a pleasant place yet there are very few trees in sight. It seems to be a large and level prairie all about us.

Sunday May 3rd. This afternoon mother and cousin Bradley went with us girls to see the lake, and a pretty lake it is, so clear and still with its white pebbled banks sloping to the water's edge. We gathered a few white shells, and pretty stones. In returning we went through the village burying ground, a sweet retired place midst a grove of small trees. Cousin B— pointed out to us several graves covered by beautiful flowers, placed there by affection's hand. We enjoyed our walk very much and returned just as the sun was hiding behind the hills. It was to me a new and charming sight. It was a beautiful sunset on the wide and open prairie. I can not describe it nor can I ever forget the sweet thoughts that came into my mind. No words can express them and I'll not try.

Monday May 4. After bidding our kind friends goodbye we got started about nine o'clock. We soon after saw ahead of us some movers' wagons and we thought perhaps it was Mr. Grant's teams, and sure enough on coming up with them we were saluted with "Hurrah Mr. Foote!" Here we were, old neighbors, met in a strange land and we traveled in company the rest of the day.

Just after noon we crossed the line into Wisconsin. About dusk a man came along who wanted to trade his oxen for our horses, but we could not stop there, so we enquired for the next good stopping place and told him to come on, and then we went on about three and a half miles to a tavern.

Tues. May 5. Our bill here was 60 cts. The man who had the oxen was here and so this morning after looking over his cattle Father traded the old horses that had been so faithful so far for five oxen and one cow. Our company of the day before had gone on and now we did not expect to keep up with them. We traveled 10 miles before noon and got to Darien. Here we bought some ammunition and myself a pair of combs for 15 cents. We went on 12 miles farther in the afternoon and stopped at Humphrey's tavern. Here we bought some corn for 16 cents.

Wed. May 6th. Our bill was 7 shillings. It is rainy this morning and bad roads. We came across Mr. Grant's people who had stopped to visit. About an hour after this it rained hard and we stopped at a private house until 2 o'clock. We then went on to Torrey's hotel. We also passed through Fort Atkinson which is quite a large place. We bought some tea here.

Thurs. May 7. The tavern where we stopped was a good place but the charges were very high, \$2.50! almost double former charges. It now rained again but we went on. We were now within ten miles of Watertown. We passed through Asterland and at noon stopped at a small red house and Father asked the woman of the house if she would get us a dinner of bread and milk. She very soon had it ready and a better dinner we had not had since we left home. Then she thought 25c. would pay her for her trouble. We thought it cheap. After going on four miles we got the wagon into an awful mud hole and it took an hour to get it out.

Of course we went around with our buggy, so we avoided the worst roads. About a mile farther on we stopped at a log house. We have been only 14 miles today and are yet 2 miles from Watertown.

Friday May 8. Our bill here was 75 cents and a good place, too. At Watertown—which is really a large place for this new country—we bought a bushel of corn for 16 cents and 4 pounds of crackers for our lunch, for 32 cents. We also bought 18 pence worth of oats, and 100 w't of flour for \$2.00. We have been through very pretty country all day. We all think that if it is as good land as this where uncle John and Henry are we shall be contented. At night we found no signs of a public house so enquired at a log house of a man who said he could keep us. So we took his word for it and stopped. But when we went into the place we found a hard looking situation. But as they said it was some ways to the next house we concluded to make the best of it and stay here.

Sat. May 9th. After paying the bill which seemed to be greatly needed, we went on, getting a very early start. We were now between 40 and 50 miles of Rush Lake, Winnebago Co., our destined home, so concluded to leave Alvin and Charles behind with the oxen and the rest of us would go on with the horses and buggy as fast as possible, for we did not like to be out over Sunday again. While feeding the horses at noon we saw Baliph Grant, but we soon left them all behind

for we found good roads, mostly level prairie. At a place called Hewitt's we bought some cookies for lunch and they proved to be good ones too. It was a warm sunny day and we enjoyed the ride first rate. At about 3 o'clock we found ourselves in Ceresco, a Fouerite settlement where they pretend to live all alike and have all property in common. Here we expected to meet brother Henry, or uncle John, to guide us the last ten miles, but we learned that they had been there and had given up our coming, so had gone away. They had left about two hours before we arrived, so after resting awhile and gaining all the information we could about the roads, we set out.

After going a short distance away from the Settlement we came to a small stream over which was a bridge made of planks laid lengthwise and all loose. We thought it looked as though lumber was pretty scarce there. Mother thought we better not ride across, but Father said, "Sit still all of you. I'll get out and drive very slowly and we shall get over all safe." We went on and got over except the back wheels of the buggy. They dropped down through between the planks, up to the hubs. Then Father said, "Sit still, I'll lift you out," and he did, so that we were finally over safe, for all our fright. About a mile farther on we passed a log shanty and three miles more another building and then all was woods, prairie and oak openings. We finally came to a road leading off to the right. Father was much puzzled by this, but concluded after considerable hesitation to keep on this road. We went on until about dusk and then the bushes became very thick. It soon got so dark we could hardly distinguish any track but we kept moving slowly. Now and then we had to stop to look for the best crossing to a creek, and found the very best bad enough. It was not wide but deep. Father did not like to wait for us to all get out so with one or two exceptions we staid in the buggy. Many times we had hard work to keep from being thrown out, as the horses liked the plan of jumping across creeks rather than walking. We girls began to get very uneasy and began teasing Mother to know whether she didn't think Father was really lost and whether she thought we should ever find any body off here in this wilderness. But she told us to just keep still and that all would be right, she guessed; and guessing was all that could be done I guess at that time. There was no moon but the night was clear so it was not so very dark.

At last we came to a sort of turn out track and we stopped to investigate. After looking about we came across an upright stake or pole, split at the top and in this split was a stick crosswise. But owing to the darkness and our ignorance of that sort of guide boards, the affair was no guide to us so we kept on in the same track. We had not gone far before we got into trouble again by coming to a watery slough or marsh. The water got deeper and deeper and finally Father thought best to stop and call three times which he did. There we waited with anxious suspense and there came from a distance an answer, faint but from some person. We waited with great anxiety for several minutes and then heard some one or something coming

towards us and right through the water too. Then when near enough the call came again and we all knew it was Uncle John!

After much rejoicing and glad explanations he told us that we must turn around and go back to the place where we saw that split stick, that they put it there as a guide to us to turn out. When we reached this place we went on and soon met Henry who had gone that way to find us, supposing we had taken this road. The road we started on they traveled in the winter when it was frozen and this one we were now on they used when the marsh was full of water. We soon found the way around the marsh and a jolly rejoicing crowd we were and when we reached the log shanty as they called it we were a happy company. There was brother Henry, Uncle John and his wife Aunt Laura and little Harriet, and all so glad to see us!

We were now at our journey's end. We ate supper, and after talking for I don't know how long, we fixed beds on the floor of the shanty for most of us, and the boys slept in the wagon out doors, but we slept well.

Sun. May 10, 1846. This day finds us somewhat rested, in a log house 16 by 14 feet, situated on the north shore of Rush Lake town of Nepeuskun, Winnebago, Co., Wis. There is a fine sugar bush near and all new. But there are no neighbors around.

Toward night the men all went to look after Alvin and Charles who were coming with the oxen and wagon. After going about two miles and not seeing anything of them they returned. The next day they started out again and found the two boys coming slowly and on the right road, although they did not know it, and were very glad indeed to see friends as they were tired out almost. So now here we are all of us, ready to begin life in the woods, and here I must stop for the present, though I might continue and perhaps make it interesting too, but do not feel really capable; so here is an end to the journal for now.

SARAH FOOTE.

The Children of Sarah Foote Smith and William Champlin Smith.

Percival Henry	1848-1848
Julia Orlena	1850- Md. Samuel Justin Foss of Sher- brooke, Canada
William Chester	1851 Md. Clara Louise Daggett
Sarah Rosalia	1853-1859
Marcella Lathrop	1855-1859
Lucy Helen	1857-1894 Md. Eugene Earle
Jay Foote	1862- Md. Elizabeth Melissa Crawford
Freeman Webster	1864-1913
Mark Wilmer	1869- Md. Williettie Sage
Ernest Stanley	1874-1874

Line of Descent of Sarah Foote from Nathaniel Foote of Wethersfield.*

Nathaniel Foote of Colchester, England	B. abt. 1593, M. abt. 1615, D. 1644
Elizabeth Denning	Md., second, Thomas Welles, Magistrate and Governor of Colony
Nathaniel Elizabeth Smith	c. 1620-1655 Dau. of Lt. Samuel Smith of Wethersfield and Hadley
Nathaniel** Margaret Bliss	1647-1703 Dau. of Thomas and Margaret Lawrence Smith of Springfield
Josiah Sarah Wells	1688-1788 Dau. of Lt. Noah Wells
Jonathan Sarah Fenner of Saybrook	1715-1803 1730-1791
Jonathan, Jr., of Lee Deliverance Gibbs of Sandwich	1752-1837 1751-1828
Capt. Alvan Foote of Lee Sarah Percival of Lenox	1777-1867 1779-1867
Elisha Percival Roxalana Freeman of Ogden, N. Y.	1803-1858 1808-1849
Sarah William Champlin Smith	1829-1912 1824-1887

*From "Nathaniel Foote of Wethersfield and His Descendants;
By Abram W. Foote; 1907.

**Great-great-great-Grandfather of Harriet Beecher Stowe and
Re.v.Henry Ward Beecher.

Line of Descent from Edward Fuller, Passenger on The May-flower.

Edward Fuller

Capt. Matthew Fuller of Barnstable	1603-1678
Frances——	

Lieut. Samuel Fuller of Barnstable	——-1676
Mary ——	

Lieut. Thomas Fuller of Barnstable	1661-1718
Elizabeth Lathrop*	

Lieut. Benjamin Fuller of Barnstable	1690-1748
Rebecca Bodfish	1693-1727

Lydia Fuller of Barnstable	1716-1801
John Percival, Jr., of Sandwich	1719-1788

Capt. Elisha Percival of Sandwich	1743-1836
and Lenox	
Abigail Smith of Sandwich and	1747-1834
Lenox	

Sally Percival of Lenox	1779-1867
Capt. Alvan Foote of Lee	1775-1872

Elisha Percival Foote of Lee	1805-1858
Roxalana Freeman of Ogden, N. Y.	1808-1849

Sarah Foote of Wellington, Ohio	1829-1912
William Champlin Smith of Le Roy, N. Y	1824-1887

*The marriage ceremony was performed by Captain Myles Standish, Magistrate.

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